THE OHIO DEMOCRAT.

"UBI LIBERTAS, IBI PATRIA."-Cicero .- "Where liberty dwells, there is my Country."

BY MITCHENER & MATHEWS.

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POETRY.

From the New York American

The following random rhymes written in pencil on the back of a letter-probably by some steamboat passenger, waiting for the night boat were picked up in the baggage house of the Westpoint building, and for want of a better designa tion are committed to the New York American under the ti-

WEST POINT BY MOONLIGHT.

I'm not romantic, but upon my word There are some moments when one can't help feeling As if his heart's chords were so strangely stirred By things around him, that 'tis vain concealing-A little music in his soul still lingers, Whene'er its keys are touched by Nature's fingers.

And even here, upon this settee lying, With many a sleepy traveller near me snoozing, Thoughts warm and wild are through my bosom flying, Like founts when first into the supshine cozing: For who can look on mountain, sky, and river, Like these, and then be cold and calm as ever?

Bright Dian, who Cammilla-like, dost skim you Azure fields-Thou who once earthward bending Didst looss the virgin zone to young Endymion On dewy Latmos to his arms descending Thou whom the world of old on every shore." Emblem of the sex, Taironnis die adore-

Tell me-where'er thy silver barque is steering, By bright Italian or soft Persian lands, Or o'er those Island studded sens careering, Whose pearl-charged [waves dissolve on coral strands-Tell me if thou visitest, thou heavenly rover, A lovelier spot than this the wide world over?

Doth Achelous or Araxes flowing Twin-born from Pindus, but ne'er meeting brothers-Doth Tagus' o'er his golden pavement glowing, Or cradle-frighted Ganges, the reproach of mothers The storied Rhine, or fur-famed Guadalquiver, Match they in beauty my own glorious river?

What though no turret gray or ivied column, Along these cliffs their sombre ruins rear? What though no frowning tower or temple solemn, Of despots tell and superstition here-What though that mouldrng fort's fast crumbling walls Did ne'er enclose a baron's bannered halls-

Its sinking arches once gave back as proud An echo to the war blown clarion's peal As gallant hearts its battlements did crowd-As ever bent beneath a vest of steel, When herald's trump on knighthood's haughtiest day Called forth chivairic host to battle fray.

For here amidst these woods did he keen court. Before whose mighty soul the common crowd Of heroes who alone for Fame have fought, Are like the Patriarch's sheaves to Heav'n's chos'n bowed-He who his country's eagle taught to soar And set those stars which shine o'er every shore.

And sights and sounds at which the world have wondered Within these wild ravines have bad their birth-Young Freedom's cannon from these gloss have thundered and sent their starting e hoes o'er the earth; and not a verdant glade or mountain hoary, But treasures up within the wonderous story.

And yet not rich in high-souled memories only. In every moon-touched headland round me gleaming, Each cavernous gien and leafy valley lonely, and silver torrent o'er the bald rock streaming But such soft fancies here may breathe around, as make Vaucluse and Clarens ballowed ground;

Where, tell me where, pale Watcher of the Night-Thou that to love so oft has lent its soul, Since the lorn Lembian languished 'neath thy light, Or fiery Montagne to his Juliet stole-Where dost thou find a fitter place on earth, To nurse young love in hearts like theirs to birth?

But now bright Peri of the skies descending, Thy pearly car hangs o'er you mountain's crest, While Night more hearty now each step attending, As if to hide thy envied place of rest, Closes at last thy very couch beside, A maiden curtaining a virgin bride.

Farewell! Though tears on every leaf are starting. While through the shado vy bough's thy glances quiver, as of the good when Heaven ward hence departing, Shines thy last smile upon the placid river. So-could I fling o'er glory's tide one ray-Would I too steal from this thick world away.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A SISTER'S LOVE AND COURAGE. BY MRS, JAMESON.

My heroine-truly and in every sense does she deserve the name- was the daughter of a rich brewer and wine-merchant of Duexronts. She was one of five children, two much older and two much younger than herself. Her eldest brother was called Henri: he had early displayed such uncommon talents, and such a decided inclination for study, that his father was determin ed to give him all the advantages of a learned education and sent him to the university of Elangau, in Bavaris, whence he returned to his family, with the highest testimonies of his talents and good conduct. His father now destined him for the clerical profession, with which his own wishes accorded. His sister fondly dwelt upon his praises, and described him, perhaps with all a sister's partiality, as being not only the pride of his family, but of all his fellow citizens, "tall, and bandsome, and good," of a most benevolent, enthusiastic temper and devoted to his studies. When he had been at home for some time, he attracted the notice of one of the princes in the north of Germany, with whom the travelled. I believe in the capacity of secretary. The name of the prince, and the particulars of this part of his life, has escaped me; but it appeared that, through he recommendation of this powerful patron, he became professor of thoulogy in a university of Courland, I think at Riga, or somewhere near it, for the name of this city was continually recurring in her narrative. Henri was at this time about eight and twenty.

While here, it was his fate to fall passionately in love with a rich Jewess. His religious zeal mingled with his love; he was as anxious to convert his mistress as to possess her-and, in fact, the first was a necessary preliminary to the second. The consequences were all in the usual style of such matters. The relations discovered the correspondence, and the young Jawess was forbidden to see or to speak to her lover. They met in secret. What arguments he might use to convert this modern Jessica, I know not, but they prevailed. She declared herself convinced, and consented to fly with him beyond the frontiers, into Silesia, to be baptized.

Apparently their plans were not well arranged, or were betrayed; for they were pursued by her relations and the police, and overtaken before they reached the frontiers. The young man was accused of carrying off his Jewish love by force; and this, I believe, at Riga, where the Jews are protected, is a capital crime. The affair was brought before the tribunal and the accused defended himself by declaring that the girl had fled with her own free will; that she was a christian and his betrothed bride, as they had exchanged rings, or had gone through some similar ceremony. The father Jew denied this on the part of his daughter, and Henri desired to be confronted with the lady who was thus said to have turned his accuser. Her family made many difficulties, but av the order of the judge she was obliged to appear. She was brought into a court of justice, pale, trembling and supported by her father and others of her kindred. The judge demanded whether it was by her own will that she had fled with Henri Ambos? She answered in a faint voice, "No." Had then vio" lence been used to carry her off? "Yes." Was she a Christian ? "No." Did she regard Henri as her affianced husband ? "No."

On hearing these replies, so different from the truth -from all he could have anticipated-the unfortunate young man appeared for a few minutes stupified: then as if seized with a sudden phrensy, he made a desperate effort to rush upon the young Jewess. On being prevented, he drew a knife from his pocket, which he attempted to plunge into his own bosom, but it was wres ted from him. In the scuffle he was wounded in the hands and face, and the young lady swooned away. The sight of his mistress insensible, and his own blood flowing, restored the lover to his senses. He became suddenly calm, offered not another word in his own defence, refused to answer any questions, and was immediately conveyed to prison.

These particulars came to the knowledge of his fame ily after the lapse of many months, but of his subsequent fate they could learn nothing. Neither his sentence nor his punishment could be ascertained; and although one of his relations went to Rigs, for the purpose of obtaining some information, some redress, he returned without having effected either of the purposes of his journey. Whether Henri had died of his wounds, or languished in a perpetual dungeon, remained a mystery.

Six years thus passed away. His father died: His mother, who persisted in hoping, while all others despaired, lingered on in heart-wearing suspense. At length in the beginning of 1833, a travelling merchant passed through the city of Deuxponts, and inquisred for the family of Ambos. He informed them that in the preceding year he had seen and spoken to a man in rage, with a long beard, who was working in fetters with other criminals, near the fortress of Barinska, in Siberia; who described himself as Henri Ambos a pastor of the Lutheran church, unjustly condemned, and besought him with tears, and the most orgent supplications, to convey some tidings of him to his unhappy parents, and pescech them to use every means to obtain his

You must imagine-for I caunot describe-the feelings which this intelligence excited. A family council was held and it was at once determined that application should instantly be made to the police authorities at St Petersburg, to ascertain beyond a doubt the fate of poo-Henri -that a petition in his favor must be presented to the emperor of Russia; but who was to present it? The second brother offered himself, but he had a wife and two children; the wife protested that she should die i her husband lett her, and would not hear of his going; besides, he was the only remaining hope of his mother's family. The sister then said that she would undertake he journey, and urged that as a woman, she had more chance of success in an affair than her brother. The mother acquiesced. There was, in truth, no alternative; and being amr ly furnished by the means, this generous, affectionate, and strong-minded girl, set off alone on her long and perilous journey. "When my mother gave me her blessing," said she, "I made a vow to heaven and my own heart, that I would not return alive without the pardon of my brother. I feared nothing. I had nothing to live for. I had health and strength, and I had not a doubt of my own success, because was resolved to succeed; but ah! liebe madame! what a fate was mine! my poor old mother!" Here she burst into tears, and threw berself back in the carriage: after a few minutes she resumed her parrative.

She reached the city of Riga without accident. There she collected the necessary documents relative to her brother's character and conduct, with all the circumstances of his trial, and had them properly attested. Furnished with these papers, she proceeded to Petersburg, where she arrived safely in the beginning of June. 1833. She had been furnished with several letters of recommendation, and particularly with one to a German ecclesiastic, of whom she spoke with the most grateful enthusiasm, by the title of M. le Pasteur. She met with the utmost difficulty in obtaining from the potice the official return of her brother's condemnation; place of exile, punishment, etc.; but at length, by almost incredible boldness, perseverance, and address, she was in possession of these, and with the assistance of her good friend the pastor, she draw up a petition to the emperor. With this she waited on the minister of the interior, to whom, with great difficulty, and after many applications, she obtained access. He treated her with great harshness, and absolutely refused to deliver the polition. She threw herself on her knees, and added tears to entreaties; but he was inexorable, and said brutally-"Your brother was a mauvais sujet; he ought not to be pardoned, and if I were the emporor I would not pardon him."

She rose from her knees, and stretching her arms towards heaven; exclaimed with fervour-"I call heaven to witness that my brother was innocentl and I thank heaven that you are not the emperor, for Lean still hope! The minister in a rage, said-"Do you dare to speak thus to me! Do you know who I am ?'

'Yes," I replied; 'you are his excellency the min. ister C-; but what of that ? you are a cruel man! but put my trust in heaven and the emperor; and then," said she, "I loft without even a courtesy, though he followed ma to the door, speaking very loud and angrily."

Her suit being rejected by all the ministers, (for even those who were most gentle, and who allowed the hard ship of the case, still refused to interfere, or fdeliver her petition,) she resolved to do what she had been dismaded from attempting in the first instance to appeal to the emperor in person: but it was vain she lavished money in bribes to the inferior officers; in vain she heset the imperial suite, at reviews, at the theatre, on the way to the shurch: invariably beaten back by the guards, or the attendants, she could not penetrate to the emperor's presence. After spending six weeks in daily ineffectus al attempts of this kind, hoping every morning, and almost despairing every evening-threatened by the police, and spurned by the officials - Fravidence raised her up a friend in one of her own sear Among some ladies of rank, who became interested in her story, and invited her to their houses, was a Countess Elise, something or other, whose name I did not write down. One day on seeing her young protege overwhelmed with grief, and almost in despair, she said, with emotion, "I cannot dare to present your petition myself, I might be sent off to Siberia, or at least banished the court; but all I can do I will. I will lend you my equipage and servants. I will dress you in my robes; you shall drive to the palace the next levee day, and obtain the audience under my name; when once in the presence of the emperor: you must manage for yourself. It I risk thus much, will you venture the rest?"

"And what," said I 'was your answer ?" 'Ohl' she replied, 'I could not answer; but I threw myself at her feet, and kissed the hem of her gown!'

I asked her whether she had not feared to rink the safety of her generous friend? She replied, "Tha thought did not strike me-but what would you have? I cast it from me. I was resolved to have sacrificed my own life to obtain it; and heaven forgive me, I though little of what it might cort another.'

This plan was soon arranged, and at the time appoin ted my resolute heroine drove up to the palace in a splendid equipage, preceded by a running footman, with three laquais in full dress, mounted behind. She was announced as the Countess Elise _____, who supplies ted a particular audience of his majesty. The doors flew open, and in a few moments she was in the presence of the emperor, who advanced one or two steps to meet her, with an air of gallantry, but suddenly started back --

Here I could not help asking her, whether at that mo ment she did not feel her heart sink 7

"No," said she firmly; "on the contrary, I felt my heart beat quicker and higher! I sprang forward and knelt at his feet, exclaiming with clasped hands-'Pardon imperial majesty ! Pardon!'

"Who are you?' said the emperor, astonished; 'and what can I do for you?'

He spoke gently, more gently than any of his ministers, and overcome, even by my own hopes, I burst into a flood of tears, and said,

'May it please your imperial majesty, I am not the Countess Elise -, I am only the gister of the unfortunate Henri Ambos, who has been condemned on files accusation. O pardon! Here are the papers: the proofs. O imperial majesty! pardon my peor brother!' I held out the petition and the papers, and at the same time prostrate on my knees, I sezzed the skirt of his embroidered coat, and pressed it to my lips. The

'Rise, rise!' but I would not rise? I still held out my apers, resolved not to rise till he had taken them. last the emperor, who seemed much moved, extended one hand towards me, and took the papers with the

"Rise, mademoiselle. I command you to rise." I ventured to kiss his hand, and said, with tears,

'I pray of your majesty to read that paper.' He said, "I will read it." I then rose from the ground, and stood watching him while he unfolded the etinon and read it. His countenance changed, and he exc'aimed once or twice,

'Is it possible! This is dreadful!' When he had finished, he folded the paper, and without any observation, said at once,

*Mademoiselle Ambos, your brother is pardoned." The words rung in my ears, and I again flung myself at his feet, saving, and yet I scarce knew what I said.

"Your imperial majesty is a good man upon earth; do do you indeed pardon my brother? Your ministers would not suffer me to approach you; and even yet I fear-I' He said.

'Fear nothing you have my promise.' He then raised me from the ground, and conducted me himself to the door. I tried to thank and blass him, but could not he held out his hand for me to kiss, and then bowed his head as I left the room.

'Ach jal the emperor is a good man-ein schoner. feiner, mann ! but he does not know how cruel his mini-ters are, and all the evil they do, and all the justice they refuse, in his name!"

[The excitoment and fittigue produced a severe attack of illness under which she was still laboring, when on the fifth day after her interview with Nicholas, a laquais in the imperial livery came to her lodging with a sealed packet, and the emperor's compliments to Ma-

emoiselle Ambos.' It was the pardon for her brother.
Those mean official animals, who had before spurne her, now pressed upon her with offers of service, and even the minister Coo offered to expedite the pardor himself to Siberia, in order to save her trouble; but she would not suffer the precious paper out of her hands; she determined to carry itherself to be herself the bearer of glad tidings: she had resolved that none but herself should take off those fetters, the very description of which had entered her soul: so, having made rangements as quickly as possible, she set off for Moscow, where she arrived in three days. According to her description, the town in Siberia, to the Governor of which she carried an official recommendation, was nine thousand versts beyond Moscow; and the fortress to which the wretched malefactors were exiled was at great distance beyond that. I could not well make out the situation of either, and unluckily I had no map with me but a road map of Germany, and it was evident that my heroine was no geographer. She told me that after leaving Moscow, she travelled post seven days and seven nights, only sleeping in the carriage. She then reposed for two days, and then posted on for another seven days and nights; alone, and wholly unprotected, except by her own innocence and energy, and a few lines of recommendation, which had been given to her

at St. Petersburg.
At length, in the beginning of August, she arrived at At length, in the beginning of degas, and arrived at the end of her journey, and was courteously received by the commandant of the fortress. She presented the par-don, with a hand which trembled with impatience and joy, too great to be restrained, almost to be borns. The officer looked very grave, and took, she thought, a very

long time to read the paper, which consisted only of six

or eight lines. At last he stammered out.
"I am sorry; but the Henri Ambos mentioned in this paper...is dead!" Poor girl I she fell to the earth. When she reached this part of her story she burst in-to a fresh flood of tears, wrung her hands, and for some time could utter nothing but passionate exclamations of

Ach liebe Cottl was für ein schrecklich shichal war das meinel I had come thus far to find-not my brother-only a grave I' she repeated several times, with an accent of despair. The unfortunate man had died the year before. The fetters in which he worked had caused an ulcer in his leg, which he neglected, and, after some weeks of hornd suffering, death released him The task-work, for nearly five years, of this accomplish ed, and even learned man in the prime of his life and mental powers, had been to break stones upon the road, clinined hand and foot, and confounded with the lowest malefactors.

JUST NOTICE IT.

Immoral women are confined to the third tier of the theatre. Immoral mensit where they please. They whisper "soft nothings" in the ear of virtue; dime at the father's table: marry the Christian's daughter; and dance with the virtuous wife. What is the remedy? Turn every libertine out of your house, and cane him if he addresses your child.

A MAN .-- "Did I ever tell you I was immortal?" asked a Roman Senator when threatened with death by the Emperor as the wages of disobedience. virtue (continued he) is at my own disposal: my life at yours, do what you will, I will do what I ought! and if I fall in the service of my country, I shall have more triumph in my death than you in all your laurels." What a commentary is this noble sentiment upon the base passion that seeks to deter the freedom of thought and action by the common process of braggadocia and bullyism! And the supporters of Gag Laws may learn a lesson from it too, if they will only give play to the better feelings of humanity .- N. Y. Standard.

INDUSTRY AND ENERGY. FROM SHARP'S LETTERS.

"There are few difficulties that hold out a-

gainst real attacks, they fly like the visible horizon before those who advance. A passionate desire and unwearied will can perform impossibilities, or what seem to be such to the cold and the feeble. If we do but go on, some unseen path willopen among the hills. We must not allow ourselves to be discouraged by the apparent dispreportion between the result of single efforts and the magnitude of the obstacle to be encountered. Nothing good nor great is to be obtained without courage and industry, but courage and industry must have sunk in dispair, and the world must have remained unornamented and unimproved, if men had not nicely compared the effect of a single stroke of the pyramid to be raised, or or of a single impression of the spade with the mountain to be levelled. All exertion, too, is in itself delightful, and active amusements seldom tire us. Helvetius owns that he could play on an instrument all day long. The chase we know, has always been the favorite amusement of kings and nobles. Not only fame and fortune, but pleasure is to be earned. Efforts it must not be forgotten, are as indispensable as desires. The globe is not circumnavigated by one wind. We should never do nothing. ·li is better to wear out than to rust out,' says Bishop Cumberland. 'There will be time enough for tepore in the grave,' said Nicole to Pascal. 'As a young man, you should be mi d ful of the importance of early industry, since in youth habits are easily formed, and there is time to recover from defeats. An Italian sonnet justly, as well as elegantly, compares procrastination to the folly of a traveller who pursues a brook till it widens into a river; and is lost in the sea. The toils as well as risks of an active life are commonly overrated, so much may be done by the diligent use of ordinary opportunities, but they must not always be waited for. We must not only strike the iron while it is hot, but strike it till it is made hot. Hershel, the great astronomer declares that 90 of 100 hours, clear enough for observations, cannot be called an unproductive year. The lazy, the dissipated, and the fearful should patiently see the active and the bold pass them in the course. They must bring down their pretensions to the level of their talents. Those whohave not energy to work must learn to be humble, and should not vainly hone to unite the incompatible enjoyments of indulgence and enterprise, of ambition and self-indulgence. I trust that my young friend will never alternat to reconcile them."

FAMILY DEVOTION.

It is a beautiful thing to behold a family at their devotions. Who would not be moved by the tear, that trembles in the mother's eye, as ehe looks to heaven, and pours forth her fervent supplications, for the welfare of her childien! Who can look with indifference upon the venerable father, surrounded, by his family; with his uncovered locks, kneeling in the presence of Almighty God, and praying for their happiness and posterity? In whose bosom is not awakened the finest feeling, on beholding a tender child, in the beauty of its innocence, folding its little hands in prayer, and imploring the invisible, yet eternal father, to bless its parents, its brothers and sisters, and its playmates.

"He, who in his heart, silently worships the adorable Creator, enjoys a pleasure that earth cannot give; his spirit leaves this scene of doubt and perplexity, and revels for a moment in the empire of ethereal bliss.

There are few who do not engage in Pray er. It is not confined to the christian alone; but even the Savage, who roams along the solitary streams of India, humbles himself before a superior being,

SCRAPING ACQUAINTANCE, - A geenteel look ing coffee house lounger wishing to introduce himself to a wealthy stranger, addressed him with, 'it appears to me, sir, that I have before seen you some where!" 'Very likely. I have been there frequently,' replied the other, and turned,' upon his heel .- Focus.

Feom the N. Orleans Picayune.

LOVE AND LETTER WRITING. Y sterday a most romantic looking young gentleman made his appearance at the police office-an unsealed note which came "greeting" from the Recorder politely commanding him to 'be and appear' there at ten o'clock, and answer to the complaint of Mrs. Martha Williamson, and which ended by a hint to fail not at his peril,' bringing visions of the culaboose before his exciteable imagination -- was the immediate cause of his presence in that particular temple of justice. His face was averhung by a confusion of coal-black hair, which he wore in ringlets;he called them hyperion curls -- and his face was as pale and pensive as if he were preparing to act the ghost in a melo drama. He gazed through his eyeglass with an air of supercilious scorn, and seemed even to regard the Recorder as some fellow beneath his dignity .- He looked like one who breakfasted on love-sonnets, who

The very ecstacy of love; Whose violent property forbodes itself, And leads the will to desperate undertakings, As oft as any passions under heaven That does afflict our natures."

dined on sentiment, supped on serenades, and

elept on romance. He seemed, in a word-

When Mrs, Martha Williamson was called, a woman entering the sere & yellowleaf of life made her appearence. Though her eyes had lost some of their pristine brilliancy, their glances were still quick and subtle, and evincod a distrustful watefullness of all over which she had control. She was told by the Recorder to state the complaint she had to make against Theophilus Travere-and this let us into the secret of the romantic gentleman's nome enclature.

The ol i, or rather they more middle aged woman, before commencing a recital of her wrong, adjusted her gloves and threw back her black veil over her bonnet, leaving the mar gin of it to hang gracefully over her forehead. as so much drapery:- 'O, sir' said Mra Williameen, cooling her temples with an artificial current of air created by the motion of her fan -'O sir, I wants to have this here man put in the penitentiary.'

'In the penitentiary!' said the Recorder, with surprise; 'why, what has he been doing?'

There's what he has been a doing,' said Mrs. Williamson, drawing a pocket-book from her redicule and drawing from the pocket-book some dozen letters fancifully folded, some in diamond shape and others in form of a triangle: - There's what he has been a doing; writing love letters to my daughter till he has fairly turned her hoad."

They were addressed to Miss Olementus Clarinda Levinia Williamson, and were 'sure enough' love letters, as full of rhapsody and romence, poetry and blighted vows, as a balloon

is full of gas.

The Recorder was proceeding to open these missives, forged in Cupid's arsenal and aimd at the beart of the aimiable and interesting Clementha Clarinda Lavinia Williamson, when Theophilas Travere entered his protest against such a proceed ng in these words: I waise my powtest against any man, even

the Recawdaw of this onowable court, weading my pwiwat lettaws or papawe."

'It is neccessary' I should read them,' said the Recorder, 'in order to discover the nature of your offence.'

Well then, to save the court twoble,' said Theophilus, 'I at once admit I am the awthaw of those productions. I have, fo' the first timefelt the tendaw passion fo' the admiwable Miss Williamson, and have made these bweif epwistles the medium of communicating to my soul's idol the intensity of my passions.

Here is one of the billed deaux, which we think should find a place in the next 'Ready L.TTER WRITER.

No. 17. - St. March, 1841 "Doubt that the stars are fire; Doubt that the sun doth move; Doubt truth to be a liar; But never doubt I lovel'

Angelica Clementha Clarinda Lavinia-Fai est of creation's fair! most adorable of thy sex! my soul's best idol! will not love, pity or compassion move you to grant me an interview? Will the admonitions of a morose mother prevail over the ardent solicitations of vour impassioned lover? Can it be that a soul enshrined in a form so lovely as yours is insensible to the influences of the platonic passions, and that eyes beaming with such beauty will apply no salve to the wound which they have, unconsciously, no doubt, made? O, dearest Clementha Clarindi Lavinia! I sm being consumed by the wasting fire of love. which your charms have enkindled in my bosom, and unless you form some scheme of seeing me ere long, you will leave me like the phænix in my nest to burn!

P. S. I sendithie by the negro woman, Dinah, who will wait on you this afternoon for T. T. an answer. P. S. S. Don't let that petrified piece of

mortality, your anxious mother, see this. T. T. F. P. S. S. My name is not signed with red ink, but with my blood-my heart's blood. Is not that a proof of the sacrifice I am prepared to make for your sake.

The Recorder having perused this document and the others which were of a similar import, facetiously smiled, and imformed Mrs. Williamson that, so far as he could judge from the letters before him, Mr. Theop Travere was not guilty of a penifontiary of-fence, or indeed of any offence at all of which the law could take cognizance, unless with

nonsense might be considered acapital effence.

—a supposition which any thing he read in the books' did not warrant him in coming to. He disubarged the case, and captioned Theo-